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SPINSTER PROBLEM SOLVED

Victoria Woodhull Has Scheme for Regeneration of England.

WOMEN EMPLOYED ON LAND

With Her Daughter She is About to Launch Women's International Agricultural Club.

LONDON, March 14.—(Special.)—Victoria Woodhull has a new scheme on hand. It is nothing less than the solution of the spinster problem in England by providing superfluous womanhood with a profitable outlet for their talents and energies in light agricultural pursuits.

Mrs. Woodhull started regenerating mankind before she was out of her teens. The fact that humanity has thus far stubbornly refused to be regenerated by any of her methods does not dampen her ardor or enthusiasm, although she is now an old woman.

Mrs. Woodhull says that she and her daughter have long been convinced that the true future of the race lay on the land but they have realized the futility of many of the "back to the land" experiments, because they left out of account the deadly monotony and isolation of modern village life, which makes it impossible for people of culture and intellectual tastes. The

movement which they have now inaugurated aims not only to bring the people back to the land, but to surround them with all the refinements and advantages of modern civilization. For something more than a year the experiment has been in progress. In 1906 it became possible for Miss Woodhull to devote her beautiful estate of more than 1,000 acres and a magnificent old manor house at Bredon's Norton, Worcestershire, to the work which she and her mother had been planning for years before. The idea which she is carrying out there is the agricultural education of women on scientific lines, but this is only part of the general educative movement which it is expected will grow from Bredon's Norton. Lectures on the various phases of agriculture suitable to the season are delivered daily and illustrated by practical work, and for the rest of the day the students are free to devote themselves to practical gardening, to reading, to music or to visiting the many places of historic and antiquarian interest in the neighborhood.

The library at Bredon's Norton has been carefully chosen by Mrs. Woodhull and her daughter, and there is hardly a standard work on any phase of life or work which is likely to be required by the students that is not to be found in it. Agriculture, finance, economics, "the three things that matter," Victoria Woodhull says, are fully represented, as well as the lighter side of life to which the students may feel disposed to turn in moments of relaxation.

Bredon's Norton a few years ago was one of the steepest and most backward villages in England. Today it is equipped with a telephone exchange in communication with the trunk lines and connected with all the business and intellectual centers in England. Motor cars dash about and a constant stream of visitors is coming and going to and from the Manor house. The village is only eleven miles from Cheltenham, which not only affords an excellent market for the high-class agricultural products of the lady students and gardeners, but is also one of the English centers of education. Music, the theater, lectures and all the other advantages of civilization have been brought almost to the very door of these women who have decided to give up the hurry and hustle of the town and lead the natural and leisurely life of the country.

At present the Manor house will accommodate about fifty students, but as the scheme grows in popularity cottages will be erected on the estate, which will accom-

modate almost an unlimited number. Arrangements have also been made by which students and their male relatives can live in the village, so that the advantages of family life are also preserved. The club idea is designed to meet the objection which so many grown up people have to the discipline of a school or college. The members are at home in their own cottages, and they can come and go as they please. Lectures on the various phases of agriculture suitable to the season are delivered daily and illustrated by practical work, and for the rest of the day the students are free to devote themselves to practical gardening, to reading, to music or to visiting the many places of historic and antiquarian interest in the neighborhood.

The club, Mrs. Woodhull expects, will go a long way towards solving the problem of the unmarried woman who has to support herself, which is vexing England and other countries as well today. There is no occupation more suitable for women, she maintains, than light agriculture, but at present the woman of culture who goes in for it is out of her association with people of her own rank in life and standard of education. She is often forced to live alone in a village where her only society is that of the farm laborers and their families, who are good people enough, but whose mental horizon is necessarily bounded by their education and opportunities. The result is that the lady farmer soon finds herself sinking to their intellectual level. She becomes a slave to her round of work and soon her outlook is confined, like that of her peasant neighbors, to the crops and the weather. The Women's Agricultural club will change all this by providing just the society and the opportunities for intellectual development and recreation which bind so many persons to the unhealthy and unbecoming life of the cities. AGNES WESTON.

KING IS SOCIETY'S MAGNET

Where His Majesty Goes, Thither Everybody Flocks.

MRS. POTTER PALMER'S DESIRE

She is Said to Hold as Yet Unattained Ambition to Entertain England's Ruler—Casuel in Element.

LONDON, March 14.—(Special.)—Where the king goes, society goes. At the moment all roads lead to Biarritz. The Americans, it goes without saying, are there, in great force. They are in possession of some of the finest villas, they have booked some of the best suites at the hotels and much to the disgust of some of the British aristocracy, have as usual put up prices all over the town, even indifferent lodging being now absurdly expensive.

Mrs. Potter Palmer, it is said, intends to do great things at Villa Etcheperaitz. The question everybody is asking is, Will she succeed in getting the king there? The rich Chicago widow is a woman who manages to get most things she wants in this world and she may yet achieve that burning ambition of hers to entertain King Edward. Why should she not? She would have done so long ago were it not for an enemy she has in the magic circle that surrounds Edward VII. Needless to say, it is a woman, and no doubt she fears Mrs. Potter Palmer as a rival. There should be no fear of this, as for one reason Mrs. Potter Palmer is essentially a grand dame, one of the very few, by the way, your country has sent over here. The king does not care for grand dames. There are enough of these and to spare in the English aristocracy. The women he likes best are the pretty and piquant type—lively talkers and not given to taking themselves too seriously.

Casuel in All His Glories. Sir Ernest Casuel will be in his glory at Biarritz. No American millionaire, however extravagant, will be permitted to outshine him. He has truly oriental ideas of splendor and show, of sumptuous generosity and lavishness. It is said that he pays his chef more than any king in Europe pays his, and that the presiding genius of his kitchen is the most cultured culinary artist the world has ever produced. He has his own suite of rooms and is said to be the only person who has ever dared to check Casuel.

Casuel has "cut" Lipton completely out with King Edward, who cares more for rich friends than blue-blooded ones. Sir Thomas has a fair estimate of the value of money. Though generous, he is not lavish and never wasteful. His Scotch training is constantly conspicuous in all his ways of life. It would never occur to him to have open house and high revels at Biarritz or anywhere else for crowned heads or their satellites. Not a bit of it. This does not alter the fact that Sir Thomas is a splendid host, but in other words, he is not a fool.

One day this week Sir Ernest Casuel's orchestra, which is made up of really clever artists, left for Biarritz, where they will stop while the king is there. Staying with Casuel will be several of the chums of King Edward—Marquis de Soveral, Mrs. George Keppel and Jane Thorowill, who is the best bridge player in society, among others.

Countess Deserts London.

Lately the countess of Suffolk has taken to burying herself in the country. She has absolutely deserted London, which she openly asserts she hates, further proclaiming that she has no use for society with a big "S." Country life at Chelton Park fascinates her much as Floors castle enchants the duchess of Roxburgh. Lady Suffolk has succeeded in waking up the lazy and indifferent folks of the neighborhood and has got them to take quite an interest in their own welfare. Her lace school has certainly a future. Lady Suffolk is full of American enterprises, and although the school has been but a short time working she has succeeded in establishing agencies for its products in Vienna, Paris and London.

I tell the tale as it was told to me and for what it is worth. It would seem some few weeks ago she heard that laboring on the estate used to beat his wife on Saturday nights after he had been drinking at the village. Taking with her a horse whip, the countess went to the cottage where the laborer resided and waited outside for the first sounds of a quarrel. Directly it greeted her ears, she demanded admittance. The inmates were overcome at her presence and the offender slunk away in silence. "I have come to horsewhip you," said the countess to the man. "It is lucky for you you live in England, were you in America they would tar and feather you."

Prayers and entreaties for forgiveness were heeded, and having received from the workman a promise that he would become a teetotaler, Lady Suffolk let him off, telling him, however, that she would "keep her eye upon him."

Countess Slight King.

There is quite a rumour going on in society because the duchess of Marlborough has not put any appearance at court for a considerable time. The fact is, since her separation from her husband the royalties have bestowed all their sympathies on the duke, and naturally she resents it.

It is an unwritten law, but none the less emphatic for that, that a duchess must appear at court at least once a year. Notwithstanding all the king's good nature, tact, etc., he is very quick to resent a slight or the very least violation of etiquette on the part of one of his subjects, and he has expressed himself very definitely on the continued absence of the duchess of Marlborough from court.

Speaking of the matter to a friend the duchess remarked: "I shall not give in even if it is a question of my having to break with the best English set." As a matter of fact she has had to do this already as of course, where the royalties are all follow. But she is extraordinarily popular in philanthropic circles and with the people generally, her excellent work in the cause of charity being greatly appreciated.

The duchess of Connaught—the king's sister-in-law and Mrs. Adair, a few days ago a large box of oranges from Malta, where this fruit grows to perfection, especially in the gardens of the Royal palace. Mrs. George Cornwallis West, Nellie Post and the recent bride, Mrs. Robert Grosvenor, were all similarly honored. In each box was enclosed the duchess' card with the intimation: "These oranges were grown in our own garden and I picked them myself." I hear the Connaughts have invited Mrs. Adair to Malta to stay with them as long as she can. As she has still to be near her oculist she has been compelled to decline.

Flats No Longer Fashionable.

The metropolis is becoming singularly inadequate for the needs of society house-hunters. One of the chief causes of this singular state of affairs is that flats are no longer regarded as fashionable. Like most other happy inspirations, they have been worked to death, vulgarized, and "cheapness" in both senses of the word. Now that unfurnished lodgings have come to be described as "convenient flats," that

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VICTORIA WOODHULL'S ENGLISH HOME